THE

Poor Diſtreſſed People

OF

HOLLAND,

Their humble Thanks and Acknowledgement for His MAJESTIES Gracious Favours profer'd them in His late Declaration.

GReat *Sir*, whilſt You theſe Favours do create
For us, You do our Thanks Anticipate:
There are no merits on our part, can claim
The leaſt from You, Ingratitude's our ſhame.
What Poets talk *Achilles* Spear could do,
Jove's threats and ſmiles are verified in You;
If You but ſay You'l kill or cure 'tis done,
'Twixt *Charles* and *Jove* there's no compariſon:
You having Conquer'd by Your powerful Armes,
Straight by Your kindneſs ſalve Your Captives harms;
Making Your Conqueſts double, by theſe Arts,
You've won the Field, and gain'd your Enemies hearts.

Had You dealt with us as th' *Iſraelites* of old
With the deceitful *Gibeonites*, have ſold
Us and our Families for ſlaves, then we
Had known a precedent for Your Clemencie.
Our Lives and Liberties to You we owe,
And You to us a Fathers pity ſhow,
When we'd forgot thoſe hands that did us feed,
And gave's relief in greateſt time of need.
Yet whilſt You ſuch unheard of favours ſhow,
From guilty breaſts ſome jealous fears do flow,
And run in murm'ring ſtreams, theſe whine and cry,
No favour's offer'd but there's reaſon why;
But let ſuch narrow ſouls repine in vain,
We think Your grace as boundleſs as Your Main:
Great Princes like to gods no merits know,
From pity or their will their Favours flow;
Since, Royal Sir, you'r pleaſed to declare
Us Your *Free Subjects*, it ſhall be our care
To Render double Loyalty to you
By our obedience, and our actions too.

What our Induſtry hath brought from foreign Lands
Is ready to attend Your Royal Commands,
Each active hand prepared is to bring
Their richeſt Treaſure to *Great Britain's* King;
No Bank, or Publick Faith, being ſo ſecure
As is the *Faith-Defenders* Promiſe, ſure.

Your Actions are ſo juſt, it may be ſe'd
Aſtræa from this World to Yours is fled;
So will Your Land e're long be ſtil'd the Burſe,
And only Treaſury of the Univerſe.
Thus you'l by Chymick Policy attain
What *Lully* and old *Hermes* ne're could gain,
Whilſt the Elixer of Your favours can
Attract the *India's* to Your Ocean,
And make the *Thames*, influenc'd by Your beams,
As once *Pactolus*, run in golden ſtreams.

Our *Hoogen Moogen's* too will think it meet
To proſtrate themſelves and Ships before your Fleet,
And lay their Treaſures at Your Royal Feet.
Thus with theſe Favours You the World affright,
Conquering your Enemies, e're they come to fight;
Each Monarch trembles, and of You's afraid,
That with a word their Countries can invade:
They oft have felt the force of *Britains* Sword,
But ne're the pow'r Magnetick of Your Word;
The one at random ſtrikes at any part,
But this ne're fails to force and win the heart:
So ſhines Your Virtues that the whole world muſt own
That You're both *Charles le Grand*, and *Charles le Bone*.

Neſcit Fama Virtutis Mori.